

THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover," "Syria From the Saddle." Etc.
Novelized from the Pathé Photo Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey.

Copyright, 1915, by Albert Payson Terhune.

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

The next morning, while on the porch, they see an organ grinder miscreating his monkey. June determines to save the animal from him. She succeeds in getting the red circle comes and goes on the hand of June Travis, who learns from her nurse, Mary, that she is a member of the secret society that extracts money from crooks. The secret is kept from June's mother, Detective Lamar, baffled by the secret. June's mother, Mrs. Lamar, is a Saleswoman who under orders from "Smiling Sam," a jester fence, robs guests at the beach hotel, using a painted red circle on her hand. June herself is a victim, losing a necklace.

While the man sleeps again, June uses the man's gun to extract from his organ grinder, June, to the tide and cuts the monkey loose. As she draws her hand away, he sees the red circle. Mary explains the secret to the policeman who has been attracted to the scene by his cries.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

MENTIONING to Pietro, he started on and run down the sand, the other spectators following closely. Mary looked after the little group tearing down the beach, and leaned against the pile, weak-and faint from the terrible strain. At her feet was the old battered hand organ.

Suddenly she remembered that there was a great deal of danger still to be surmounted. She must and June immediately and warn her. The wildness of this particular prank worried her cruelly. How far was this stain in the girl's blood likely to go? She stumbled through the sand keeping a sharp lookout.

Reaching the sidewalk, she hurried on, watching for a glimpse of a pale pink frock and a white hat. Her heart thumped in her breast and her throat was parched and parched.

She found the young woman in light clothes was June, until she came alongside. A desert mirage could not have been more elusive than her quarry. People turned to watch her with curious interest.

At last a spot of pink against a black background came to her eyes. She knew the free, easy stride and the line of the straight shoulders. It was June coming out of the park. Mary hurried up to her.

"You broke your word to me," she chided, "not waiting for explanations. There is no excuse for what you have done. You have robbed a poor man of his means of making a livelihood."

"I haven't," June came back defiantly. "I was first place, I didn't promise you anything. In the second, there is an excuse for what I've done. I've saved a helpless animal from a cruel master. As for depriving him of his means of making a living—that's a lie. I'm for a great big man to make a living, isn't it?"

By grinding out wheezy tunes on a little hand organ and kicking and beating a little monkey?"

"That doesn't make any difference," said June stubbornly. "It was none of your business. You had no right to interfere. And no matter what excuses you make—you can't take away the fact that it was robbery."

"Well, if it was robbery, I'm glad of it. Let me see your right hand," commanded the old woman.

June raised it listlessly. It was free of the mark. She threw her arms around Mary's neck and sobbed. "I'll be angry with you," she pleaded softly. "I can't help these things I do. I don't want to worry you or make you unhappy, dear; but this thing, whatever it is, gets the best of me. Don't be angry, dear."

Both girls looked at the helplessness of the pines. She put her arms around the girl and led her down a side street toward the Travis home. On the way June regained her high spirits. When they reached the house the maid welcomed them heartily—all fear and dread forgotten.

Coming along the walk, toward the house, June broke away from Mary and ran up the steps to greet Mrs. Travis, who had just come through the doorway to the ladies' auxiliary to the German-American 1914-1915 club committee, will be in direct charge of the enterprise, a feature of which will be the booth of the Germania Marchen-der-Singende. It will be ornamenteed with plants, flowers, and roses in festoons hung with bird cages of singing canaries against a brilliant background and color scheme.

The committee on arrangements met yesterday at the home of Mrs. May Wiegand presided. Dr. Leinweber gave a brief address on his experiences in Russia at the outbreak of the war.

"It will be served in fifteen minutes and we're going to have something that you like, too."

"What?"

"I dream with marmons."

"Correct. The very first time. Well, well! What is coming in here?"

Mrs. Travis looked toward the observation porch. She seemed to be both repelled and吸引ed. Mrs. Wiegand, seriously and looked in the same direction. June knew without looking.

Tearing down the bath leading from the porch to the main entrance was a young, greasy-faced lad, a hand organ and dressed by uniformed Leinen. Vainly the protesting bather brought up the rear; his excitement making him accelerate his accustomed gait into a dog trot, over the steps, tripping over his hand organ, so the patrolman reached the little group of women first.

"Madam, I did not wish that the men would notice you," said the self-panted Vania, greatly distressed.

"Now that's all right, son—that's just all right for you," interrupted the policeman. "All we want is a little description from this lad, and then we're through. I have to bring you home with me because this guy who left the monk, See? Now, lady," addressing Mary. "If now, lady, wouldn't mind I'd like a detailed description of the woman you saw with the lad."

He took out an important-looking memorandum book and a pencil that looked as though it had been sharpened with a hairpin. Mrs. Travis, all set ready this time, turned to look at her son, then to the other, seeking explanation. June alone seemed calm. Her mouth corners twitched suspiciously as if she were resisting a laugh, or rather, a mischievous giggle.

"Now, Miss Mary," repeated the officer pompously, "chain eyes."

"This woman had bright red hair," began Mary staring fixedly at June's brown head, "and blue eyes. But I didn't see any hair on her hand, as you failed to do on the hand of the Italian, I seem to think."

"Well, no, of course not. That's easily understood." The patrolman had slept ambitions also, as he were to be seen with there, so you weren't looking for her. And again the light may have been as that you couldn't have seen it even if you had looked. See? All those things might have happened."

"Of course, they might," echoed June, coming toward. "Your argument is very logical, officer," stammered the Rector's Aid, was in charge of the luncheon.

A two days' luncheon by the Rector's Aid, composed of women of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, for the benefit of the new church in course of construction, New Hampshire Avenue and V Street northwest has been held in the old Masonic Temple. Ninth and P streets northwest has been largely attended.

Mrs. David Crockett, president of the Rector's Aid, was in charge of the luncheon.

EDUCATIONALY.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.**Singing, Elocution**

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

WASHINGTON BUSINESS
and CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL
1517 N. 18th St., M. 434, W. C. Office, 13th Fl.

PUPILS WANTED—By Miss Bernice Miller, teacher of piano, former pupil of Prof. J. W. Hill, of Boston, Mass. 300 hours of piano, 200 hours of violin and 100 hours of cello.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TELEGRAMS TO N.Y. for care, all business on the first floor. Times office, 111 Sixth Street, Room 100. Box 1000, N.W.

MOVING, PACKING, STORAGE**FIREPROOF STORAGE**

86 Separate Locked Rooms, \$200 Month Up.
Merchants' Transfer and Storage Co.

Main 6900. 920-922 E St. N. W.

SAFETY FIRST!
ABERDEEN FIREPROOF STORAGE,
UNITED STATES STORAGE,
Rooms \$200 and up. Moving, Packing,
Phone Main 4229. 418-429 10th St. N. W.MOVING PADDED VANS
FURNISHED.

Phone 206-2011.

KREIG'S EXPRESS,
125 H Street N. W.

STORAGE, PACKING, AND SHIPPING.

Washington, Baltimore and Suburban Moving.

Northeast Express
Company,

1017 H St. N. E. Ph. Linc. 3970.

STORAGE 1100, hauled in free; all we ask is
company to pay freight. Call 4229.ESTIMATES ON
CLEAN, dry storage for furniture and pianos,
Estimates cheerfully given. W. C. CHIERS,
1017 H St. N. E., Washington, D. C.SMALL-VAN LOAD—\$5.50 per week, van
45-50 cu. ft. van load; motor vans for
Baltimore, Philadelphia and suburbs.COLUMBIA TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.,
906 NEW YORK AVENUE, MARYLAND.Free moving & storage
1017 N. W. 3343 or 3344.SMITH'S TRANSFER
& STORAGE CO., 912
Night Ph. N. 8892.

LOST AND FOUND

WALTER C. ALLEN, Electrical Engineer
of the District, has submitted to Col. Robert N. Harper, chairman of the local Lincoln Highway Committee, the street intersections which have been tentatively determined upon as the locations for the signs to mark the course of the Lincoln Highway tender that will pass through Washington. If the selections prove satisfactory to the committee the list will be presented to the Commissioners for approval. The signs, Mr. Allen says, will be affixed to lamp-posts.The intersections designated are Maryland Avenue and Fifteenth Street northeast, Maryland Avenue and Sixth Street northeast, Maryland Avenue and Fourth Street northeast, Maryland Avenue and First and Second Streets, First and Second northeast, First and Second, Pennsylvania Avenue northwest, Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue northwest, Seventeenth and B Streets, Seventeenth and H Streets northwest, Sixteenth and G Streets northwest, Scott Circle two signs, Wisconsin Avenue circle (two signs), and Wisconsin and Massachusetts avenues northwest, northwest men are engaged in making the last in the picture. The
"Painting" section of the National Capital.

"I haven't," June came back defiantly. "I was first place, I didn't promise you anything. In the second, there is an excuse for what I've done. I've saved a helpless animal from a cruel master. As for depriving him of his means of making a living—that's a lie. I'm for a great big man to make a living, isn't it?"

"That doesn't make any difference," said June stubbornly. "It was none of your business. You had no right to interfere. And no matter what excuses you make—you can't take away the fact that it was robbery."

"Well, if it was robbery, I'm glad of it. Let me see your right hand," commanded the old woman.

June raised it listlessly. It was free of the mark. She threw her arms around Mary's neck and sobbed.

"I'll be angry with you," she pleaded softly. "I can't help these things I do. I don't want to worry you or make you unhappy, dear; but this thing, whatever it is, gets the best of me. Don't be angry, dear."

Both girls looked at the helplessness of the pines. She put her arms around the girl and led her down a side street toward the Travis home. On the way June regained her high spirits. When they reached the house the maid welcomed them heartily—all fear and dread forgotten.

Coming along the walk, toward the house, June broke away from Mary and ran up the steps to greet Mrs. Travis, who had just come through the doorway to the ladies' auxiliary to the German-American 1914-1915 club committee, will be in direct charge of the enterprise, a feature of which will be the booth of the Germania Marchen-der-Singende. It will be ornamenteed with plants, flowers, and roses in festoons hung with bird cages of singing canaries against a brilliant background and color scheme.

The committee on arrangements met yesterday at the home of Mrs. May Wiegand presided. Dr. Leinweber gave a brief address on his experiences in Russia at the outbreak of the war.

"It will be served in fifteen minutes and we're going to have something that you like, too."

"What?"

"I dream with marmons."

"Correct. The very first time. Well, well! What is coming in here?"

Mrs. Travis looked toward the observation porch. She seemed to be both repelled and吸引ed. Mrs. Wiegand, seriously and looked in the same direction. June knew without looking.

Tearing down the bath leading from the porch to the main entrance was a young, greasy-faced lad, a hand organ and dressed by uniformed Leinen. Vainly the protesting bather brought up the rear; his excitement making him accelerate his accustomed gait into a dog trot, over the steps, tripping over his hand organ, so the patrolman reached the little group of women first.

"Madam, I did not wish that the men would notice you," said the self-panted Vania, greatly distressed.

"Now that's all right, son—that's just all right for you," interrupted the policeman. "All we want is a little description from this lad, and then we're through. I have to bring you home with me because this guy who left the monk, See? Now, lady," addressing Mary. "If now, lady, wouldn't mind I'd like a detailed description of the woman you saw with the lad."

He took out an important-looking memorandum book and a pencil that looked as though it had been sharpened with a hairpin. Mrs. Travis, all set ready this time, turned to look at her son, then to the other, seeking explanation. June alone seemed calm. Her mouth corners twitched suspiciously as if she were resisting a laugh, or rather, a mischievous giggle.

"Well, no, of course not. That's easily understood." The patrolman had slept ambitions also, as he were to be seen with there, so you weren't looking for her. And again the light may have been as that you couldn't have seen it even if you had looked. See? All those things might have happened."

"Of course, they might," echoed June, coming toward. "Your argument is very logical, officer," stammered the Rector's Aid, was in charge of the luncheon.

A two days' luncheon by the Rector's Aid, composed of women of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, for the benefit of the new church in course of construction, New Hampshire Avenue and V Street northwest has been held in the old Masonic Temple. Ninth and P streets northwest has been largely attended.

Mrs. David Crockett, president of the Rector's Aid, was in charge of the luncheon.

TELEGRAMS TO N.Y. for care, all business on the first floor. Times office, 111 Sixth Street, Room 100. Box 1000, N.W.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL

Y.M.C.A.
1736 G St. N.W.

Singing, Elocution

MRS. EMILY FRECH BARNES,
101 H St. N.E., Phone Line 1759.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 2:30 P.M.; Sat. 8:30 P.M.